

Lips Like Fire

*Ultimate Reddie Smut
Series - VII*

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Lips Like Fire by yallreddieforthis

Series: [Ultimate Reddie Smut Series \[7\]](#)

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Eventual Smut, Frottage, Grinding, Group Smoking, Lowkey Benverly, Lowkey Stenbrough, M/M, One Shot, Outdoor Sex, Praise Kink, Richie legit won't shut up, Shotgunning, Smoking, Smut, Stoner Richie, Underage Smoking, Weed, handjob, sex while high, very high billy boy

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Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

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Summary:

When Richie finally convinces the Losers Club to light up with him he needs to find an... 'alternative way' to get Eddie high without giving him an asthma attack.

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Author's Note:

Hello! Lots of important notes here!

First of all, I want to clarify that I DON'T hate bottom!Richie! I just don't like getting the request because it's so rare people suggest it as it's own prompt which leaves it boring and gives me little to work with as a writer. If you have a good prompt, of course I'll do bottom!Richie!

Second of all, I'm thinking of starting a few short stories that aren't just smutty one-shots so if you like my writing I suggest that you look out for that!

Thirdly, if I made Stenborough content would you like to read it?

!!! LASTLY AND MOST IMPORTANTLY !!!

I would like to know if you would be interested in reading other series similar to this smut series, such as an Angst Series or maybe even one for fluff or just regular one-shots. I was considering an angst one a lot but I just want to know first if people are going to even read it, so if yes comment below!

If there was one word to describe Richie Tozier as a teenager it would be *stoner*. Not to the point where they'd have to have an intervention or anything, he just liked to get high on weekends or before bed so he could relax his fast-moving mind. Some of his friends didn't approve (Stan. Stan didn't approve.) and sometimes Beverly or Mike would light up with him when they didn't have anything else to do. But then one night Richie decided to try and expand that group.

"Hey, I have an idea, guys..." Richie said all of a sudden as they were walking back from the quarry to Bill's house under a sky full of stars. There was a chorus of 'oh god's and 'what is it this time' around the group of seven and Richie rolled his eyes. "It's a fun idea, you dicks!" he says defensively. "Bill, your parents aren't home, right?" A sly smirk starts to spread across his lips.

"Is this a weird sex thing because if yes I can already answer: no." Eddie chirps up.

"No, not a sex thing... don't get me wrong, I'd love to bring Ben over here to bed," he teases as he ruffles a very red Ben's hair. "I just think... *maybe* we could try to do some group meditating?"

Mike immediately smiles to himself and lightly shakes his head at the ground because he knows exactly what Richie means by that. "That actually sounds nice...?" Stan says with clear confusion in his tone because Richie never suggests things so... tame.

"Thanks, Stan! Glad you're in, I thought I'd *never* be able to get you high."

"*What?*" Stan all but screeched.

"He's talking about all of us smoking weed together, Stan," Mike explains.

"Richie, my p-parents would k...k-kill me," Bill says sternly. "We cuh-

can't make the whole p-p-place smell like weed."

"No! I've done this thousands of times! We can move some things around in your garage, bring that old couch in there, sit around in a circle and hotbox the place! If we leave it open overnight it'll air out in no time."

"Oh, so you're suggesting Bill gets robbed instead? We can't just leave his garage wide open, Richie!" Stan scolds.

"Guys, it really would be fine," Mike reassures.

"I'm with Richie too, it would be good for us to relax once in a while, and it's not a big deal. Everyone tries it at least once," Bev joins in and shrugs her shoulders.

"You guys can do whatever the hell you want, but I'm not doing it." Stan crosses his arms disapprovingly.

"Fine, you don't have to take any hits. You can just stand in the corner," Richie says with a serious expression and tries not to laugh when he sees Beverly giggling behind Stan because *of course* Stan wasn't aware that you could get high if they hotboxed a small space. Her suspicions were confirmed when Stan finally agrees with a hesitant nod.

"Are you guys forgetting something?" Eddie asks while sounding rather offended. They all look at each other as if they're trying to

figure out what the small ball of rage could be upset about now. "I have fucking asthma! You guys are going to kill me!"

"You know I won't let anything happen to you, Eddie Spaghetti," Richie grins as he slings an arm around Eddie's shoulder.

"Jesus goddamn Christ..." Eddie mumbles under his breath.

About 30 minutes later once everything had been set up and Bill had called his parents to make absolutely *sure* they wouldn't be home tonight, they all sat down in a circle as planned (except Stan, of course, sitting alone on a stool in the far corner of the garage) and Richie whipped out a baggie with four rather fat joints in it.

"Holy shit, Rich..." Mike chuckles. Beverly seems calm as opposed to Ben who looks a bit shaken up and Bill who just looks nervous that his parents will find out. Eddie pulls out two for now so they will be passed around two groups of three so they wouldn't have to wait as long and they could all start to feel the effects at the same time.

15 minutes in the Losers are all staring intensely and leaning towards Eddie, the current center of attention. Richie was holding the thick joint right in front of his lips in one hand and Eddie's spare inhaler in the other. Eddie had his inhaler gripped in one hand and the other

hand had his fingers curled around the leg of Richie's baggy jeans for some reason.

"Ready?" Richie whispered, his breath tickling Eddie's neck. Eddie nodded with one last deep breath and Richie gently placed the end of the blunt between his red, chewed lips. Eddie only held it into his mouth instead of inhaling because Richie told him it would be too much for his first time. Either way, as soon as it's moved away from his mouth he started to cough hard and Richie almost punched him in the nose from the aggressiveness of his hand coming up to put his inhaler in his mouth. Everyone let out the sigh they didn't know they were holding in and they continued to take hits without Eddie.

Richie, Beverly, and Mike all handle their smoke well, Beverly even knew some cool smoke tricks from her experience with cigarettes. Ben also seemed to be handling rather well, causing a few suspicious looks towards Bev who was practically a serial smoker. Bill seemed to be the only one having some troubles, other than Eddie who hadn't been given a hit since his first and was now pouting about it.

"Eds, it's nothing against you, we just don't want you to die," Richie drawled out. The effects were kicking in for all of them now but Eddie (and Stan) were still only being affected minorly by the secondhand smoke. "Oh shit! I have an idea!" Richie said suddenly. "C'mere Eds," *don't call me that!* "This'll make things a lot easier, trust me..."

Richie dragged the smaller boy across the floor to him and took a long drag from the joint between his fingers (Eddie was definitely not staring at his long fingers and *definitely* not watching the way his cheeks caved in when he inhaled) which only made Eddie roll his eyes because he thought he was just teasing him. Richie frantically gestured for Eddie to come closer and then flipped over to hand Bill

the joint. He grabbed each side of Eddie's face and pulled him closer. He brushed Eddie's bottom lip with his thumb until he got the memo and parted his lips. Richie began to slowly blow the smoke into his mouth at a more controllable speed and this time Eddie didn't seem to struggle with it. He blew it out after a second and everyone went silent as they waited to hear a cough. When they didn't and Eddie looked at them all with wide eyes and a big smile they all cheered for him.

Richie repeated that technique with Eddie a few times before eventually, their brains were both fuzzy enough that their lips just seemed to connect while Richie was blowing the smoke out and neither of them had the streng—or desire—to pull away. Beverly and Bill looked at each other knowingly. Soon enough Eddie was just sitting in Richie's lap because it 'made things easier'.

"Stan... Stan, c'mere..." Bill giggles and smiles at him from across the room.

"No thank you." Stan was still as stubborn as earlier. But Bill gives him this little sad look that forces his feet to walk towards him with an annoyed eye roll. Bill ducks down for a moment before looking up at Stan who was now standing behind him. Bill tilted his head back to see him and reached his arms up. He grabbed Stan's face between his hands and smiled softly up at him. Stan was about to smile back down sweetly before Bill blew out a big cloud of smoke in his face with a loud giggle. "BILL!" Stan shouted and stomped back towards his corner.

The Losers had been so distracted that when they turned back towards Eddie and Richie the two were enveloped in each other's arms and kissing deeply and passionately. Eddie's fingers were snugly curled into Richie's hair and—was that a hickey on Richie's neck?

How did they not even notice that happening? They now also noticed that Richie didn't even have the joint in his hand anymore, Bill had grabbed it earlier so he could mess with Stan. They were so high they didn't realize this wasn't to get Eddie high anymore, they were probably just coming to their senses and finally kissing and getting it over with.

They all groaned in disgust when it got to a point where they were practically grinding on each other. "This is just gross now, guys!" Mike whines. Bill was just watching dumbly with his mouth hanging open and his eyes glazed over. Stan sighed and tried to drag Bill inside to put him to bed.

"Yeah, seriously guys. Get a room..." Ben says slowly. He was laying on the floor staring up at the ceiling.

Richie stood up with Eddie in his lap and managed to hold him up by his butt and Eddie's legs wrapped around his waist. He grabbed the last remaining blunt from Bill who whined in protest and put it between his lips, still holding Eddie up with one arm like he was nothing. They had opened up the garage door a while ago to air it out—it was too late for anyone to be walking by at this point anyway—so Richie just stepped out and brought Eddie towards the back of his house.

Richie sat down underneath the tree in the backyard and Eddie's eager lips attacked his in seconds. There were hands on hair, lips on necks, and fingers fumbling around zippers. It was rushed and clumsy but they couldn't wait.

With most of their clothes still on, Richie wrapped his long fingers around both of them and started to stroke them together. The smaller

boy bucked into his grip shakily. It was fast and rushed but it was so fucking perfect and it felt so good. "Don't stop, Rich..." Eddie whimpered and tugged on his hair the way he liked it. He wrapped his legs around his waist and pulled him closer.

Richie took the last hit off of the shrinking joint in his free hand before tossing it away and leaning in to hold Eddie in a smoke-filled kiss. He ground his hips up against him and stroked them lazily. "So good... so good, Eds. Holy fuck. You feel so good..." he blurts out in his daze of pleasure. "So pretty, Eddie... you look so pretty on top of me..." he whispers, dropping his head down on Eddie's shoulder.

"Shut up, Richie..." Eddie gasps and closes his eyes. This felt so good and the relaxation in his body from the weed was something he had never experienced before. He had always been so anxious, he really needed to do this more often with Richie.

"So perfect..." Richie continued anyway. "Want you so bad, Eddie... always have. Fuck, you're such a good boy..."

"Not a dog, Rich..." Eddie whispers, unable to contain a small smile from the boy's rambling.

"God Eddie I'm close..." Eddie nodded in agreement. He bucked his hips and tugged on Richie's hair every chance he got. He let out filthy little moans next to Richie's ear that made him feel weak in the knees. Fuck, Eddie was too much. Those noises pushed him further and with a jerky shake of his hips, he came all over both of their cocks.

He could tell by Eddie's whines that he had been incredibly close so he used his cum as lube and quickly jerked him off while biting his neck hard. Stuttering hips shook on top of him and even more stickiness coated his worn out hand.

The two panted against each other and Richie wiped himself off on the grass. "Let's leave before Stan tries to come looking for us..." he whispers.

It might've been the weed, but something in Eddie's head compelled him to speak. "I love you..." the words flowed out of his mouth against his will and he felt regret immediately after. Before he could freak out and run off Richie held onto his hips.

"Hey, Eds... I love you too."

Author's Note:

Please comment down below if you'd like me to make more series of one-shots, like an Angst Series!

ALSO COMMENT IF YOU WANT SOME STENBROUGH OR OTHER SHIPS.